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PHASES OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

It is generally conceded that in the domain of literary criticism, America is far behind England, France, and Germany. Is this because the American people are too busy to think? Is it because, when they have a few hours to spare from the mad scramble for money, they devote themselves to recreation and amusement and let books take care of themselves? Is it because the morning and afternoon newspapers supply all their needs in the way of reading, with an occasional frothy novel snatched up and devoured with no higher literary purpose than to find out whether the hero and heroine marry in the last chapter?

There can be no doubt that the constant reading of newspapers spoils the mental appetite and digestion for thoughtful, masterly books. So many people are concerned with the present, with the concrete affairs of every-day life, that they actually think it a waste of time to read anything that will improve their minds. Hence the works of learned professors and of great authors (I do not mean popular authors, though certainly some of the latter are great) have a surprisingly limited circulation as compared to the whole population of the country. And even yet comparatively few people make a hobby of books as they do of other things.

If high-class and scholarly books now go begging among the masses, it follows that critical effort shares in the general apathy. There is little inducement for scientific criticism to assert itself. The output of the publishers is too often reviewed by professional critics in that perfunctory and hackneyed fashion which carries less and less weight each year with the general reader. Why? Because professional critics are seldom original thinkers. Besides, so enormous is the inflow of books — largely worthless — that, in order to keep their desks and tables half-way cleared, newspaper critics often "notice" volumes of which they have not even cut the leaves.

Scientific criticism is not accomplished in or for a day, a week, or a month. Criticism of a quality worthy the name implies that its pro-

ducer has lived as well as browsed in a library; so that he knows his own capacity not only to think, but to love, to feel, to suffer. In other words, he must know some of the true meanings of life from actual experience, and not alone from study and hearsay. This requirement, too, makes the great poet, — as well as the great man in whatever walk of life. Literature and art are in their broadest sense expressions of life, of which the creative mind interprets some or many phases. Someone has defined art as truth filtered through a personality. But these definitions amount to very little. The main thing is to winnow the wheat from the tares in literature, and to read only such works as have intellectual beauty, moral force, and those ineffable inspirations which strengthen mind and character.

Contemporary criticism of the highest quality shows a wide divergence from that of fifty years ago, in that it is more liberal, more thorough, more expert. Its standards are higher. Arrant trash it usually leaves alone, as not worth wasting time over. This was once not so. Compare the quibbling, sometimes vicious, criticisms of Poe with the calm and philosophic utterances of Matthew Arnold. Yet to some minds Mr. Arnold was often too academic, too nonchalantly sure of classic criteria.

With most men and women, popular exposition still wins the greatest favor, — just as in creative literature what is simple and universal makes the strongest appeal. If there is one thing more than another that has vitiated English and American criticism within the past half century, it has been the tendency to sneer without cause, to make light of serious efforts, to lug in the morbidly introspective or the merely flippant things. Here and there a clear-eyed and clear-minded student rises to the requirements of the hour and gives us the final products of his analysis and ratiocination. Such results represent the most conscientious insight plus a broad culture and that indispensable something which we call style.

We need more critics, not less; but we want them on the order of John Addington Symonds, Walter Pater, Professor Saintsbury, James Russell Lowell, Edmund Clarence Stedman. Do we need such critics as Taine, whose relentless and inadequate logic so repelled, dried, corroded, and saddened the delicate yet far from effeminate soul of Amiel? The reading of Taine, he said, had to him "the smell of the laboratory; it never inspired, but only informed, and gave algebra to those who asked life, the formula for the image, the heady fumes of distillation for the divine intoxication of Apollo." As to a portion of Taine's work, this seems aptly true. Time and again I have tried to read "On Intelligence," and always with the same result — a sort of hungry disappointment. "One must stand as well with the public sentiment as with God himself," says the Talmud; and it also says, "To the wasp men say, Neither thy honey nor thy sting."

If the critic has something to tell from the depths of his own heart, who will not listen? We shall not think of him then as a man who has failed as an author and turned blackguard; but as one who understands and respects his vocation. It is an admirable thing to be sure first of the good points in an author's work, to be attuned to the best that is in him. Few men are always equal to their best, and perhaps if they were they would become monotonous or too strong for human nature's daily food. If Homer sometimes nods, if Lowell drops occasionally from his higher moods, if Stevenson ranges from the most exquisite word-carving to childish dalliance, if Mr. Henry James frequently strains his diction to its most attenuated limits, even if Mr. Howells sometimes prefers to exalt the commonplace with an art fit for the realms of pure Romance, — we should remind ourselves that they all were or are human. If, in print, we choose to differ from them we must be certain that our point of view is at least wide enough to stand upon with both feet. Sainte-Beuve said of Massillon:

> "It is not given to all minds to feel and to relish equally the peculiar beauties and excellences of Massillon. To like Massillon, to enjoy him sincerely and without weariness, is a quality and almost a peculiarity of certain minds, which may define them. He will love Massillon who loves what is just and noble better than what is new, who prefers elegant simplicity to a slightly rough grandeur; who, in the intellectual order, is pleased before all things with rich fertility and culture, with small sobriety, with ingenious amplification, with a certain calmness and a certain repose even in motion, and who is never weary of those eternal commonplaces of morality which humanity will never exhaust."

It is doubtful if Schopenhauer would have felt edified by hearing the great French divine; for Schopenhauer had the incredible temerity to say that "no change of human nature can ever be affected by the spread of moral doctrines." So here again is the point of view, which must not be lost sight of for a moment.

If a man stands aloof in his own inflexible

egotism to judge the efforts of others, he never can be a true critic. He must divest himself of personal prejudices and blind habits of arbitrary taste. If he applies comparisons, they must, in all justice, be such as he would willingly have his own statements weighed by. In other words, the critic owes it to his readers to put himself in the author's place as much as possible. This, to be sure, was not Macaulay's way nor Jeffrey's. Macaulay was a blind partisan in his decisions about everything. He sometimes demolished "his man," and then set him up again as he thought the man should have been in the first place. And we derive an idea from reading Macaulay that he was not so shrewd in his discrimination as his intelligence was colossal. Even when on the wrong side of a question he was forcible and clear, but these very qualities only made more vivid and complete his errors. With true British obstinacy, he would argue out an absurd proposition to the bitter end, sometimes as though in sheer desire to turn on a torrent of literary and historic allusions.

The ideals of a by-gone age are not binding upon us, except as we wish to have them so. We are far removed from much of the pagan thought which coëxisted with the highest civilization of the Greeks. They bequeathed much that the cultivated race of to-day would not willingly lose; but have we not gained much that they never had? It is the business of criticism to keep in touch with the movement of evolution and with the spirit of the twentieth century. Mr. Leslie Stephen declares that "the whole art of criticism consists in learning to know the human being who is partially revealed to us in his spoken or written words." This shows that Mr. Stephen is as much interested in life as in literature — a good symptom in any kind of a connoisseur. To some bookish souls literature is life itself, and the men and things around them vague shadows. A poetical friend of mine often confesses that he lives in the moon, and his practical knowledge of everyday matters is most amazing or amusing, according as one may regard it. We are a great deal better organized socially and intellectually than people were in that age which "made no sign when Shakespeare, its noblest son, passed away." Two sayings of Emerson — "Greatness appeals to the future," and "To be great is to be misunderstood," — contain clues to the reason why some great authors are not always appreciated in their own generation and country.

Censure does not necessarily imply a standard. A man may inveigh against something without having taste or sensibility to back him. Censure is no more the purpose of true criticism than is praise. Nearly every fool thinks he can write a book, and most fools think they can criticise one. The greatest skill, however, is not displayed in tearing down, but in building up. It is wisely put in Max Müller's epigram: "It is the heart that makes the critic, not the nose." And by Richter: "Criticism often takes from the tree caterpillars and blossoms together."

Our best thinkers have brought about a mental and moral uplift in the ranks of the great middle classes of the United States, who demand for themselves and for their children the best that our men of genius can produce. And with such a gigantic incentive as the favor of the best portion of the American public, our authors are rising magnificently to the occasion, and will lift professional criticism too. Some of our very best criticism, which the public knows nothing about, is performed in the leading publishing houses and by the editors of the great magazines. The readers and literary advisers employed by these publishers are men and women of exceptional ability in their field. They reject probably 90 per cent of the manuscripts submitted to them, and though they thus disappoint many aspirants they maintain a certain creditable standard. Many worthless manuscripts are published sooner or later, but they do not come out with the imprint of any high-class firm; they lack the stamp which presupposes at least good workmanship. Again, many manuscripts have good material in them, but are technically faulty; in which case they are sometimes sent back to be revised by the author. The same is true of MSS. sent to magazine editors. Thus, in many ways, the public is spared the pain of reading shoddy or slatternly writing in books and publications issued by these careful and exacting houses, which have won their reputation by these methods. Critical acumen and skill enter into this routine to an extent undreamed of by the average reader. Many expert editors handle the "copy" in a large magazine office, and errors seldom escape their Argus eyes. Indeed, if some books, even by veteran authors, were published as written, without pruning or alterations by a sagacious editor, the critics would be neglecting their duty not to condemn them with merciless vigor or ridicule them out of the market.

LEON MEAD.

The New Books.

The Truth about China.*

When the tenth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica comes to be issued (is not its predecessor even now growing obsolete on our shelves?) no article will demand more thorough re-writing than that which is headed "China." That the torpid self-centred existence of ages should have been so violently shaken by the war of 1894 and the explosions of 1900, and should thenceforth reluctantly but inevitably form part of the nervous fretwork of the nations, are among the most significant facts of the last turbulent decade. Of the score or more of books on China (in English alone) brought out since the dramatic scenes at the Peking Legations during that memorable summer, the majority will have their day and cease to be. Made up of impressions received during the strain of those trying days, they are good material for the historian rather than historical writing. Of all countries, China offered the least *appui* to the impromptu interpreter of national feeling as voiced in national movements; the only safe rule apparently being to reverse the application of occidental motives, so far as they can be retraced from results. To do this with discretion — that is, with a knowledge when not to do it — is not vouchsafed to war correspondents or the average globe-trotter; nor must it be expected of them. We are now pretty well assured that an adequate account of the recent crisis in China could be prepared only with the aid of special natural gifts, and after long residence in the country, supplemented by a full acquaintance with the possibilities — and impossibilities — of the Chinese language.

For these things not many men are sufficient; but probably no living writer more nearly fulfils their hard conditions than does Rev. Arthur H. Smith, who is already so widely and favorably known as the author of "Chinese Characteristics" and "Village Life in China," and who now presents us, in two handsome volumes, the winnowed results of a life of thought and observation, under the appropriate title of "China in Convulsion." In a certain sense the book has been nearly thirty years getting itself written. Dr. Smith knows the Chinese character better probably than any other living American. His long residence and study, his penetrating eye for detail, his judicial temper, his piquant style, and his saving grace of humor, make a combination of qualifications whose net result, as seen in this book, is the most interesting and authoritative document in its somewhat crowded class.

The author recognizes at the outset the difficulty of his task, quoting with approval Mr. A. R. Colquhoun's somewhat ponderous sentence, "immense and indefinite duration multiplied by incomputable numbers of population must make an aggregate literally incomprehensible." In the first chapter, entitled "Remoter Sources of Antipathy," Chinese seclusion, ignorance, and conceit are admirably described without being accounted for. The national aversion to foreigners, according to Dr. Smith, needs no further *rationale* than the fact that the foreigners are *not* Chinese. But this fundamental reason has been well buttressed during the past century by international complications, arising mainly from foreign eagerness to press trade upon reluctant China; and by the distrust which the introduction of Christianity has aroused among the literary classes.

About this vexed matter of the missionaries Dr. Smith speaks with perfect candor. Aside from the natural unwillingness of Chinese scholars to admit that anything could be added to their wisdom, there is the special question of ancestral worship, a central tenet of Confucianism, and the first one to be abandoned by Christianized Chinese. Dr. Smith adds:

> "We are not concerned at this time either to defend the almost universal judgment of the Christian church in China in regard to the worship of ancestors, or to inquire by what means some *via media* may be employed to combine reverence to man and worship to God, so that neither shall infringe upon the other. Our object is simply to make it clear that we recognize the present attitude of the Christian church (Protestant and Catholic alike) as a great bar to the spread of the Gospel in China, and perhaps as the most potent single cause of Chinese hostility."

The anti-foreign riots of the past forty years, directed mainly, but not exclusively, against missionary stations, are rapidly sketched, beginning with the attack, in 1868, on the Inland Mission at Chen Chiang; and including the Tientsin massacre (1870), the anti-French riots at Shanghai (1874), and the various outbreaks in "turbulent Canton." The bitter hatred which both fomented these attacks and was increased by them received, in the last quarter of the century, fresh impetus from the "commercial intrusion," chiefly of railways,

*China in Convulsion. By Arthur H. Smith. In two volumes. Illustrated. Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Co.

telegraphs, and mining enterprises; and from the various acts of territorial aggression on the part of Russia, Germany, Great Britain, and France.

"Probably there is not another country on the planet where events and conditions such as have been very imperfectly hinted at would not long before have produced an outbreak. 'What the Barbarians want,' said a ruler quoted in Mencius, '*is my territory*.' The events of the past few years had made it clear to the perceptions of the Manchu rulers of the Chinese Empire that, in these days also, 'what the Barbarians want is my territory.' The Barbarians were, it is true, numerous and strong, but so were the Chinese. The more they reflected on the intolerable situation, the fiercer grew the flame of their anger, and the more determined the resolution by one master stroke to put an end to their bondage. The Chinese Tiger, when roused, is himself reputed to be a formidable beast. When he should have been equipped with Boxer wings, he would be absolutely invincible. With this view, and in this hope and confident expectation, was launched such a singular crusade as the weary earth, after nineteen centuries of experience in the Christian era, and we know not how many precedent to that epoch, had never seen before."

Due weight, as a factor in the outbreaks of 1900, is assigned to reaction against the extensive reform scheme projected by the young Emperor Kuang Hsü in 1898. A pathetic interest attaches to the heroic attempt of the young Manchu ruler to lift his vast empire by main force from the ancient ruts, and to set it in the ways of progress. His failure was briefly advertised in the curt announcement (Sept. 28, 1898) that Kuang Hsü had abdicated, and that the redoubtable Dowager Empress had once more assumed the government. Dr. Smith laments that

"There was so little appreciation on the part of Foreign Powers of the nature of the crisis. . . . The Empire drifted into the whirlpool without the representatives of the leading nations of the West realizing that there was anything unusual in progress, although the connection was of the same sort as that by which a pestilence follows a war. The dethronement of Kuang Hsü carried within itself the fruitful seeds of the Boxer outbreak."

Four chapters are devoted to a masterly analysis of the causes and progress of the Boxer movement. The Chinese name of this secret society, I Ho Ch'üan, "literally denotes the 'Fists' (Ch'üan) of Righteous (or Public) (I) Harmony (Ho), in apparent allusion to the strength of united force which was to be put forth. As the Chinese phrase 'fists and feet' signifies 'boxing and wrestling,' there appeared to be no more suitable term for the adherents of this sect than 'Boxers,' a designation first used by one or two missionary correspondents of foreign journals in China, and later universally accepted on account of the difficulty of coining a better one."

And so, after this elaborate introduction, we are led by the author to the heart of his narrative, — the Siege of the Legations in Peking. The rest of the first volume and more than half of the second is devoted to the story of those eight weeks of suffering and heroism, which must go back to the siege of the Lucknow Residency in 1857 to find its equal. The style, in obedience to the subject, grows more abrupt, and takes on the diary form in the present tense. Every feature which made the days terrible and the nights hideous is given its place in this clear and straightforward narration. The world knows the outlines well enough; but Dr. Smith's story is as vivid as a biograph, and will be eagerly read by all.

Naturally, we all want to know what so acute an observer and so wise a man as Dr. Smith thinks will be the outcome; and so we hasten to the last two chapters, "A Twelvemonth of Foreign Occupation" and "The Outlook." There are plenty of ugly passages in the accounts of loot, outrage, and murder on the part of the allied troops (America's skirts being fairly clean), none of which is palliated by the author, who says, "There have been times when it has seemed as if the foreign troops had come to Northern China for the express purpose of committing within the shortest time as many violations as possible of the sixth, the seventh, and the eighth commandments." On the other hand, the conduct of the missionaries is justified by so good a judge as Minister Conger "before the siege, during the siege, and after the siege."

As to the outlook, Dr. Smith believes that the Chinese will continue in the future, as in the past, to be moved by moral forces as by no others; and finds the solution in Christianity.

"It has been in China a disturber, as it always is and always has been everywhere. . . . There has been much in the method of its propagation in China which is open to just criticism, and which at this crucial juncture ought to be fearlessly exposed, frankly admitted, and honestly abandoned, new and better methods replacing those which have proved faulty and unworthy. . . . It is well that the dilemma should be recognized and squarely faced. Unless China is essentially altered she will continue to 'imperil the world's future.' Other forces have been to some extent experimented with, and have been shown to be hopelessly inadequate. Christianity has been tried upon a small scale only, and has already brought forth fruits after its kind. When it shall have been thoroughly tested, and have had opportunity to develop its potentialities, it will give to China, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, the elixir of a new life."

Such are the concluding words of this remarkable book. They will meet with the assent of many, the rejection of some: but they must command the respect of all who reach them after a careful perusal of the 1500 pages that precede them. And if the editors of that tenth edition of the Encyclopædia have not as yet "placed" their article on China, we recommend them to assign it to the Rev. Arthur H. Smith.

It may be added that the volumes are handsomely printed and bound, and richly furnished with illustrations, maps, charts, and indices.

JOSIAH RENICK SMITH.

THE MARCUS WHITMAN LEGEND.*

The story of Marcus Whitman has passed into history. Everyone thinks that he knows how Dr. Whitman undertook a perilous journey across the Rocky Mountains in the winter of 1842 in order to inform the administration at Washington of the inroads that the Hudson's Bay Company were making into Oregon; how he exacted promises from President Tyler and Secretary Webster not to abandon the territory; and how, by hurrying back and organizing a great emigration, he saved it to the United States. The various versions of this story differ in details, but the burden of them all is that Whitman saved Oregon. The "sensation" of the annual meeting of the American Historical Association at Detroit a year ago was a striking paper by Professor Edward G. Bourne of Yale University, which proved not only that this story is inaccurate in details but that it is entirely unfounded in its main outlines. Dr. Whitman went east not to save Oregon but to save his mission. Even if he saw Webster and Tyler, there is no reason to think that he changed the policy of the administration in the slightest degree. He did not organize and could not have organized the emigration of 1843, but joined it after its organization and rendered valuable assistance on the way. Professor Bourne is not the first to discover the groundlessness of the Whitman story. It was pointed out in Oregon papers between 1882 and 1885 by Mr. Elwood Evans and by Mrs. F. F. Victor. Mr. Wm. I. Marshall of Chicago has devoted a dozen years to the subject, and has brought to light much important evidence. But Professor Bourne may fairly be regarded as the Columbus of the discovery, since he is the first to succeed in forcing it upon public attention. His paper was printed in the January issue of "The American Historical Review." It has recently been reprinted in an enlarged and revised form in his "Essays in Historical Criticism," issued as one of the "Yale Bicentennial Publications."

In his original paper Professor Bourne contented himself with proving that the Whitman story was without historical foundation. In reprinting it he has prefixed another paper in which he traces the origin and genesis of the legend that has been attached to Whitman's name. The story first appeared from 1864 to 1866, nearly twenty years after Whitman's death, in articles in California and Oregon papers, originating with H. H. Spalding and W. H. Gray, two of Dr. Whitman's associates. In the years immediately following his death, when he was most likely to have been eulogized, not a word was heard of his great political services. The Oregon Treaty of 1846 provided for compensation to the Hudson's Bay and Puget's Sound Companies for their possessory rights within the territory of the United States. In 1863 a treaty with Great Britain provided for the settlement of these claims, and a commission, acting under the treaty, began their examination in 1865 and later awarded $650,000 to the two companies. While this settlement was pending, most of the mission land claims were disallowed by the United States government on the ground of abandonment. These were the circumstances that furnished the motive for the publication of the earliest versions of the Whitman story. At about the same time Spalding learned that the government had printed and circulated as a public document a Catholic account of the Whitman massacre, which reflected upon the conduct of the Protestant missionaries. Smarting under the disparagement of his work, the loss of the mission lands, and the fancied injustice of the payment of the foreign claims, Spalding devoted himself to a campaign of vindication. From 1868 to 1870 he travelled through Oregon and other parts of the United States, delivering lectures, collecting endorsements, inspiring newspaper articles, and securing the adoption of resolutions and memorials drafted by himself. The burden of these memorials was the great service rendered by Dr. Whitman and himself in saving Oregon to the

* ESSAYS IN HISTORICAL CRITICISM. By Edward Gaylord Bourne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MARCUS WHITMAN AND THE EARLY DAYS OF OREGON. By William A. Mowry. New York: Silver, Burdett & Co.

United States and the justice of the mission land claims, though the latter were discreetly kept in the background. The object of these memorials, aside from the repudiation of the Catholic document, may be illustrated by a single extract.

"It is our deliberate conviction that the Lapwai mission belongs to the American Board of Foreign Missions as the mission home of our Brother Spalding. . . . That the interests of the Government and of the tribe would be better subserved by the appointment of Mr. Spalding there than by any other man. . . . The plea of voluntary abandonment of the Lapwai mission . . . is simply absurd."

In 1871 Spalding secured the publication of all of these testimonials, petitions, and papers, as a Senate document under the title "Early Labors of Missionaries in Oregon," and this document became the principal source of the later versions of the Whitman story. In the meantime, Gray, Spalding's associate, published a similar account of Whitman's services in his "History of Oregon," issued in 1870. Incorporated in a public document and in a formal history of the state, written by an early settler, later writers, without further investigation, accepted the story as true.

At this point began the second propaganda of the story. Friends and descendants of the missionaries and the churches that had sent them out were naturally pleased to discover that Oregon had been saved to the United States by the missions; and various persons devoted themselves to the diffusion of this important information through the medium of magazine articles, pamphlets, and books. The story received its widest circulation in an history of "Oregon: The Struggle for Possession," published by Rev. Wm. Barrows in 1883. This book, by reason of its inclusion in a popular series, its issue by a prominent publishing house, and the fact that it presented the only short and convenient account of the Oregon controversy, reached a large sale. Several biographies of Whitman were written. Two appeared in 1895, one of them bearing the striking title "How Whitman Saved Oregon." In 1897 the Congregational churches, throughout the country, celebrated the anniversary of Dr. Whitman's death as "Whitman Day." By systematically importuning writers and publishers of school histories of the United States to include the story in their text-books, its champions have secured for it practically universal circulation and universal acceptance. Professor Bourne's refutation is complete at every point, and it now remains to correct the perversion of history that has been wrought.

Dr. Wm. A. Mowry has been especially conspicuous by reason of the unusual prominence that he has given to Whitman in the series of school histories of which he is the author. His "Marcus Whitman and the Early Days of Oregon," published during the summer, is the latest and most conservative statement of the Whitman story. This book was not hastily undertaken as a reply to Professor Bourne, but is the result of the careful investigation of many years. It is evident, however, that the author is not equipped for critical work in history. This conclusion is first suggested by the bibliography with which the book opens, thrown together as it is without any plan of arrangement, misquoting titles, omitting dates of publication, and containing many errors, among which the assignment of the Spalding report to the wrong session of Congress may be mentioned. The first impression is further confirmed by the author's treatment of his material. He quotes a great deal of personal testimony, but fails to evince any appreciation of the difference in value attaching to testimony taken at different periods, and in many cases omits to indicate the time at which the testimony is taken. He is also much given to painting historical pictures to fill up the gaps in the narrative and to make it interesting, in a way that suggests the Rev. Mason Weems. A single quotation will serve as an example. The experience of Lovejoy, Dr. Whitman's companion upon his famous ride, is described as follows:

"It was the dead of winter. He was one man, alone, in the midst of the Rocky Mountains, in an unfrequented pass. . . . In his solitude during that longest week of the entire trip, probably the longest of his life, he must have made much of the companionship of their little dog. It is sad to think that a little further on in their journey, when their provisions had utterly failed, not only were they obliged to kill a mule for food to save their lives, but stern necessity compelled them to kill and eat that faithful dog."

This picture is apparently based upon Mr. Lovejoy's statement that they were "from want of food, compelled to use the flesh of dogs, mules, and such other animals as came in their reach." It is hardly worth while to point out the variations contained in Dr. Mowry's version. The important fact is that he applies the same methods to the essential points of the story that he does to the non-essential. When he comes to Whitman's Washington visit, he says: "Exactly what happened in Washington is difficult to determine. From the best reports we feel quite sure that the following account

is not far from the truth." Then he gives the imaginary conversations with Webster and Tyler invented years afterward by Spalding, in spite of the fact that there is no direct evidence of Whitman's having seen Webster and only very uncertain evidence of his seeing Tyler. In place of a careful citation of authorities, we find such expressions as "doubtless," "it seems probable," "we are told," "from the best reports we feel quite sure," and the like.

Dr. Mowry evidently intends to give an impartial account of the life of Whitman, but is prevented by his preconceived opinions from seeing facts in their true light. Nevertheless, he presents much important material; so that it is quite possible, by making allowance for his constructions, to read the true life of Whitman in his pages. The main points of this life, as already suggested, respect, first, the purpose of his ride, second, the incidents and object of his visit to Washington, and, third, his connection with the emigration of 1843. The American Board established its Oregon missions in 1836 by sending out Whitman and Spalding as missionaries and Gray as agent. Two years later the missions were reënforced by the addition of Eells, Walker, Smith, and Rogers. The missionaries quarrelled fiercely among themselves, a fact which Dr. Mowry passes over as charitably as possible. In February of 1842 the Prudential Committee of the Board decided to discontinue the southern branch, transfer Whitman to the northern one, and recall Spalding. When this order was received in September, Dr. Whitman, feeling that its execution would be a great mistake, called a meeting of the missionaries, to whom he communicated his resolution to go east immediately in order to present his view of the situation to the Board. The purpose of his journey appears in the authorization of the missionaries, which advised Dr. Whitman "to visit the United States as soon as practicable to confer with the Committee of the American Board for Foreign Missions in regard to the interests of this mission." Dr. Mowry unaccountably omits the last eight words of this authorization, as Professor Bourne points out. Dr. Whitman's purpose is also clearly stated in a letter written by Mr. Walker at the time of his departure, which Dr. Mowry erroneously attributes to Mr. Eells. There is no suggestion anywhere of a political motive. Dr. Mowry attributes its absence to fear of the Hudson's Bay Company and of the condemnation of the American Board, but these reasons would not have restrained Dr. Whitman from referring to it in letters written while in the east to persons not connected with the Board. Dr. Mowry also argues that but for a political motive, Dr. Whitman would have waited until spring, since a summer trip across the continent would have served the purpose of the mission equally well. Exactly the reverse appears to us to have been the case. The Board in February of 1842 had ordered the discontinuance of the mission, and would expect the order to be obeyed not later than the spring of 1843. If the order were to be withdrawn, representations must reach the Board by that time. Arriving in Boston, Dr. Whitman succeeded in securing the reversal of the order, and thus accomplished his purpose.

That Dr. Whitman also visited Washington appears from a letter that he addressed to the Secretary of War after his return to Oregon, which began as follows: "Sir, In compliance with a request you did me the honor to make last winter, while in Washington, I herewith transmit to you the synopsis of a bill," etc. There is no other contemporary reference to Dr. Whitman's Washington visit. In later years several persons testified that they remembered having seen him there. Dr. Lyon G. Tyler writes that John Tyler, Jr., President Tyler's son and secretary, told him that "he remembered Whitman very well, that he was in Washington, 1842–43, full of his project to carry emigrants to Oregon, that he waited on the President and received from him the heartiest concurrence in his plans." This does not necessarily mean much, since it was the custom of nearly everyone, who visited the national capital, to pay his respects to the President. That Dr. Tyler does not regard it as sustaining the claim that Whitman influenced the administration appears from a recent letter to the writer of this review, in which he says, "I do not believe that Dr. Whitman controlled the policy of President Tyler's administration in any way." That President Tyler discussed the political situation with Dr. Whitman is extremely improbable, since he had refused the request of the Senate for information upon the ground that he did "not deem it consistent with the public interest to make any communication upon the subject." A very plausible reason for Dr. Whitman's visit to Washington and for his interview with the Secretary of War was a desire to strengthen the title to the mission lands.

These lands were held merely under a permit from the War Department, and Dr. Whitman expressed his anxiety upon the subject in his first letter, written to the American Board after his return to Oregon, in which he said, "Unless the Board gets a special grant of the land the mission occupies, it will be likely to be taken from the mission by preëmption whenever Congress takes possession of the country and grants land to settlers."

As to Whitman's connection with the emigration of 1843, Dr. Mowry admits that "it can be clearly shown that he was not the sole cause of this great westward movement," but he endeavors to show that he was one of its prime movers. In regard to this emigration Dr. Whitman on his way back to Oregon wrote the Secretary of the American Board from Shawnee Mission:

"You will be surprised to see that we are not yet started. The emigrants have some of them just gone and some of them have been gone a week and some are yet coming on. I shall start to-morrow. I regret that I could not have spent some of the time spent here in suspense, with my friends at the East. . . . I cannot give you much of an account of the emigrants until we get on the road. It is said that there are over two hundred men besides women and children. They look like a fair representative of a country population. Few, I conclude, are pious. . . . We do not ask you to be the patrons of emigration to Oregon, but we ask you to use your influence that, in connection with all the influx into the country, there may be a fair proportion of good men of our own denomination who shall avail themselves of the advantages of the country in common with others."

From this letter it appears that Dr. Whitman was not only not engrossed with the organization of a great emigration, but that he regretted the time he was compelled to spend with it, and was almost disgusted with its character. What Whitman's real plan of emigration was appears very clearly in the documents that Dr. Mowry presents. It is stated in the letter, already cited, written by Mr. Walker, just as Dr. Whitman was leaving for the east, and repeated in the partial sanction that was given it by the American Board. Dr. Whitman himself states it in his letter to the Board written immediately after his return to Oregon, and again in letters written shortly before his death in 1847. In all of these statements the emigration was regarded solely from the standpoint of the missions, and not at all from the standpoint of American interest in the territory; a fact wholly inconsistent with the theory that Whitman was so devoted to the national interests that he undertook his winter journey to secure them. What Whitman wanted was a small emigration of pious people to assist the missions in checking the papists, and not the great emigration of all sorts and conditions of men that saved Oregon to the United States. No one man saved Oregon, but the spontaneous movement of masses of men. It was a part of that larger movement which, beginning with the Allegheny Mountains, in little more than a century pushed the American frontier across the continent to the Pacific, and afforded the most marvellous example of national expansion in all history. In that struggle Marcus Whitman played a man's part, and, like hundreds of others, fell a victim to Indian treachery; but that he is entitled, either by the breadth of his views or by the measure of his achievement, to rank as one of the leaders of the struggle cannot for a moment be admitted.

F. H. Hodder.

Mary Stuart and the "Casket Letters."*

One who has been following Mr. Andrew Lang's literary activities for the last few years will recognize in his "Pickle the Spy" and "The Companions of Pickle," as well as in his more recent volume on "The Mystery of Mary Stuart," the by-products of the author's "History of Scotland," recently brought to a conclusion. Or, if this designation has a derogatory shade, it might be fairer to refer to the books first named as the results of the author's preliminary studies for the latter. It would be difficult on any other assumption to understand how Mr. Lang should have been inclined to devote such minute study, and two impressive volumes, to Pickle and Pickle's companions. But the same wonder would not be felt regarding an extended study of Mary Stuart. As with her personality in life, so with her memory and the problems surrounding her career and her fate: the charm is perennial.

The most serious charges against the character of the Scottish queen are involved in the partial or complete authenticity of what are known as the "Casket Letters," a series of eight epistles which first came to light in the hands of Balfour, Morton, and other Scotch lords hostile to Mary, on the 19th of June, four days after the so-called battle of Carberry Hill, where Mary was taken captive by her

* The Mystery of Mary Stuart. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

banded subjects. When produced, the letters were in a trunk-shaped box less than a foot long, adorned with gold metal filagree. These letters, the originals of which disappeared soon after their production before the English Commissioners who were examining the charges against Mary, in December, 1568, were apparently without address, date, or signature. Morton testified that the casket was taken by George Douglas from Dalgleish, a valet of Bothwell's, who revealed its existence and hiding-place under torture. Dalgleish had come into Edinburgh a few days before June 19, 1567. Douglas and Dalgleish then took the casket to Morton, who kept it in his sole possession until next day, the 21st, and then opened it in the presence of various lords. No inventory was made of the contents of the casket, the documents were not marked, and no minute was made of the character of the contents, although the assembled lords — all hostile to Mary, and some of them privy to the murder of Darnley, others to the murder of Riccio — recognized the letters as damaging to Mary. After this examination, the letters were returned to the custody of Morton, who produced them eighteen months later before the English Commissioners and declared that he had not altered them. Moray, who conducted the case against Mary, required the papers to be re-delivered to Morton, various copies and translations having been taken. Morton had possession of the casket (with the letters in it?) not long before his death in 1581; it was heard of for a few years longer, and then disappeared from sight forever. The supposed originals were never collated or examined critically by unprejudiced experts, and their presentation before a commission when Mary was not present, either in person or by counsel, gives them no real value as evidence that would stand before a civilized court.

The only form in which the letters exist today is that of copies or translations, none of which are duly certified as true copies. This throws the whole burden of the proof upon the internal evidence of the compositions, and this is vitiated by the fact that the alleged original letters were produced from no one knows where, by a mortal enemy of Mary, himself a murderer and unscrupulous perjurer; and were, even after their production, left for months in his irresponsible keeping.

After a minute and ingenious examination of this internal evidence, Mr. Lang inclines to the opinion that Letter II., the most compromising of them all, is probably partly or altogether a forgery, although there remain circumstances indicating the authenticity of parts of it. This letter, if admitted as genuine, would prove Mary's connivance at the murder of Darnley. Letters IV.–VIII. testify more or less clearly to Mary's amour with Bothwell, and to her connivance in her own abduction and marriage with him. The authenticity of these letters Mr. Lang is less disposed to question, although he concedes the possibility that all of the eight are forged. If any forgery was committed in connection with the letters, Mr. Lang inclines to lay it upon Lethington, whose duplicity and motives for such action he shows forth at length.

The "Casket Sonnets," sometimes called Letter IX., are treated very summarily, apparently because "a distinguished historian is occupied with a critical edition" of them. The suggestion that the letters, if forgeries, are based upon the sonnets; that the sonnets were the original documents found in the casket; and that their tone and style were developed into the letters, with the addition of more incriminating details by the hostile lords, deserved a more extended discussion. Mr. Lang regards the sonnets as much less open to suspicion of forgery than the letters, and at the same time finds a decided similarity between them, even to the phraseology. He even admits that the suspicion we have mentioned "is suggested."

On the whole, the chapters devoted to the discussion of the "Casket Letters" succeed admirably in impressing the reader with the general untrustworthiness of all the people who surrounded Mary, friend or foe. In this maze of intrigue, Mr. Lang sets himself the problem of figuring out the probabilities of truth. He admits us to his study, and invites us to listen while he thinks aloud. He weighs this evidence, and rejects it; he considers that testimony, and admits that there may be something to it, provided —; he conjectures, he balances, he puts himself in the place of both accusers and defenders, he wrestles with the calculus of probabilities, until at last

> "We feel as stupid from all of that
> As though we'd a mill-wheel under our hat."

And the author himself is not far from coming out "at the same door where in he went," — to wit, that Mary was more or less guilty, but not so guilty as her enemies have said; and that her accusers are at least as bad as she.

In the opening chapters, describing "The

Dramatis Personæ," Mr. Lang is at his best. Here we find once more the literary artist who was buried under the rubbish of "Pickle the Spy." It would be greatly desirable to have an entire biography of Mary Stuart completed in the style and the manner of these opening chapters. For instance, this description of the Earl of Morton:

"The son of the most accomplished and perfidious scoundrel of the past generation, Sir George Douglas, brother of Angus the brother-in-law of Henry VIII., Morton had treachery in his blood. His father had alternately betrayed England, of which he was a pensioner, and Scotland, of which he was a subject. By a perverse ingenuity of shame, he had used the sacred Douglas heart, the cognizance of the House, the achievement granted to the descendants of Good Lord James, as a mark to indicate what passages in his treasonable letters might be relied on by his English employers. In Morton's father and uncle had lived on the ancient inappeasable feud between Douglases and Stewarts, between the Nobles and the Crown. It was a feud stained by murder under trust, by betrayal in the field and perfidy in the closet. Morton was heir to the feud of his family, and to the falseness. . . . His sanctimonious snuffle is audible still in his remark to Throckmorton, who asked to be allowed to see Mary in prison. Morton answered that 'the day being destined to the Communion, continual preaching, and common prayer, they could not be absent, nor attend matters of the world.' . . . A red-handed murderer, living in open adultery with the widow of Captain Cullen whom he had hanged, and daily consorting with murderers like his kinsman Archibald Douglas, Morton approached the Divine Mysteries. His private life was notoriously profligate; he added avarice to his other and more genial peccadilloes."

The fine plates with which this volume is liberally supplied add much to the author's ability to make the past re-live. But inasmuch as there is not in existence a copy of the "Casket Letters" in Mary's own hand, it is not quite evident why the discussion is accompanied with plates showing her authentic writing, with a *fac simile* of the MS. of the "Casket Sonnets" which are not in Mary's hand, and a plate by a writing expert showing how Letter III. would look in Mary's hand.

Corrections of a few typographical errors may be made: Page 2, for Marie Stuart read Maria Stuart; p. 11, for Henry VIII. read Henry VII.; p. 330, l. 11, after 'to' sc. *be*.

W. H. Carruth.

A little book entitled "How to Remember without Memory Systems or with Them" (F. Warne & Co.), by Eustace H. Miles, is a saner book than most that deal with this topic. Though it contains a fair statement of the psychology of memory and rational chapters of advice, it does not rise sufficiently, either by originality or excellence of execution, above the average of its class to call for extended remark.

Strivings with Social Problems.*

One of the most important of the recent contributions to our knowledge of society is Professor Ross's treatise on "Social Control." It is a fuller working out of the thoughts suggested in the author's articles published in the "American Journal of Sociology" during recent years. Since then, he has had excellent opportunity to observe the working of a system of control in vogue in California, and has made extensive studies in Europe. His particular field of investigation has been among the Western European peoples and their descendants in America and Australia. Among these most restless and individualistic of men he seeks to discover the secret of "that degree of harmony we see about us." In general, this harmony is a fabric erected by the community and imposed upon the individual. But individuals are characterized by certain qualities of adaptation to society. The first chapters are given to the consideration of these qualities, under the titles Sympathy, Sociability, Sense of Justice, and Resentment. Under favorable circumstances, these qualities may produce a "natural order." But this is far from perfect, and in course of time "society invariably developes a certain measure of control over the individual." The need of control is shown by illustrations of life in new settlements, and its methods are discussed under such titles as "Public Opinion," "Law," "Social Suggestion," "Art," "Illusions," etc. Social control is liable to abuses, such as being used in the interests of a class; and even when properly directed, it must be within reasonable limits, for "the art of domesticating human beings may succeed only too well."

The third of the studies undertaken by the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem appears under the title "Substitutes for the Saloon." It is written by Mr. Raymond Calkins, and is the most satisfactory of the three, in that it deals with more complex questions and a

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*Social Control. A Survey of the Foundations of Order. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Substitutes for the Saloon. By Raymond Calkins. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Science of Penology. The Defence of Society against Crime. Collated and systematized by Henry M. Boies. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The World of Graft. By Josiah Flynt. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

Back to the Soil; or, From Tenement House to Farm Colony. By Bradley Gilman. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Tolstoy and his Problems. Essays by Aylmer Maude. New York: A. Wessels Company.

Social Institutions. Their Growth and Interconnection, Psychologically Treated. By Denton J. Snider, Litt. D. St. Louis: Selma Publishing Co.

A Day with a Tramp, and Other Days. By Walter A. Wyckoff. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Social Spirit in America. By Charles Richmond Henderson. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co.

greater mass of material, by a logical method and in a lucid style. The references to the numerous preliminary studies made in different cities, as a basis for the work, and the extracts from their reports, convince one of the care with which the foundation has been laid. The book is a mine of information in regard to various lines of philanthropic work. But, better than that, the material is so handled that one finds it most interesting reading as well as a convenient book of reference. And, best of all, one is impressed by the author's keen insight into the real significance of these agencies of betterment, and his appreciation of the reasons for their incomplete success. The first and third chapters, entitled "The Saloon as a Social Centre" and "The Clubs of the People," are particularly valuable as showing what the saloon really is to the great bulk of its patrons. One feels himself in the place of the man at the bar, and is therefore in the best position to realize the practical value of the various "substitutes" that have been proposed. This book is a necessity to all rational temperance workers; indeed, it is difficult to see how anyone interested in the betterment of society can afford to be without it.

In "The Science of Penology," Mr. Henry M. Boies has collated and systemized the modern doctrines pertaining to this subject. The author's official position has made it his duty to study carefully the problems of crime and pauperism, and with this book he has filled a serious gap in our literature in these fields. Most of the recent publications have been more or less fragmentary studies of the criminal's nature. These have had their important influence in modifying the science, and now Mr. Boies gives us an excellent statement of its present position. The book ought to be of great value to all connected with prison administration, and it will certainly be valuable in college and university work.

"The World of Graft" is a collection of studies of the professional thief and swindler in his relation to government, some of which have appeared from time to time in "McClure's Magazine." Mr. Willard has been criticised for his persistent "spying upon the unfortunate," but in this book it is less the unfortunate and more the rogue that is studied. "Graft" is defined as the "generic slang term for all kinds of theft and illegal practices generally." The grafter "may be a political boss, a mayor, a chief of police, a warden of a penitentiary, a municipal contractor, a member of a town council, etc." It is this contingency that complicates municipal administration. The public sometimes sets a rogue to watch a rogue, and each preys upon the other and both upon the public. The evidence as to this condition is especially clear in the cases of New York and Chicago, where the author's statements seem to have been somewhat irritating to the police.

Another attempt to solve the problems growing out of over-crowding in cities appears in "Back to the Soil," by Mr. Bradley Gilman. A group of wealthy men become interested in an attempt to found a farm colony that shall possess all the advantages of city life without its evils. A tract of land four miles square is obtained, and divided in such a way that all the houses may be built in a circle about a central park and within a few rods of each other. With difficulty, families are induced to come from the city slums, and various industries are established, including a market in the great city for the sale of Circle City products. This, it is thought, disposes of the industrial and economic questions; but the task of educating and socializing the people is more difficult to handle. Thoughts will intrude of our thousands of country villages with all the economic advantages of Circle City, and nothing more.

"Tolstoy and his Problems" is the title of a series of essays by Aylmer Maude, bearing upon Tolstoy's personality and theories, and upon the South African war. The author has enjoyed intimate friendship with Tolstoy, and many of the incidents of his daily life and his comments upon fellow-reformers are of interest. The tactical value of the doctrine of non-resistance seems to make it especially attractive to the author, as it gives him a fine advantage over the English government and the war Quakers.

In "Social Institutions" Mr. Denton J. Snider rounds out his work in psychology with an interpretation of the institutions of society in the terms of the Hegelian School. Though the book is difficult reading, the author hopes to render it "intelligible to any reader who is willing to think a little." This requires, however, "a given nomenclature which indicates in the word the connecting thought," and the exposition of this nomenclature occupies forty pages of the Introduction. The definition of *institution* is important: "Will is actualized in an object which is itself Will, and this is a Will which wills Will. Such an object which is existent in the World as Will, whose end and purpose is to secure Will, is an institution."

In "A Day with a Tramp, and Other Days," Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff yields to the public clamor for more stories about the American workman, by filling in a few of the gaps in his published diary. The remarkable reception of "The Workers" fully warrants the publication of this appendix. It is written in the same vivid style, and will make its readers still more eager to hear what the author has to say about his recent investigations in Europe.

The appearance of the second edition of Professor Henderson's "Social Spirit in America" may well serve as an occasion for congratulating the reading public upon its appreciation of this work. We have no wiser or more kindly leader in social betterment than the author, and certainly such a book is one of the strongest forces that make for justice and improvement in society.

GARRETT P. WYCKOFF.

Recent American Poetry.*

In its recent bicentennial celebration, Yale University was fortunate in more ways than one, but in no way more fortunate than in numbering among its sons the foremost of our living poets. It was preordained in the fitness of things that Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman should be the poet of the occasion, and that he should respond to the call with an ode entirely worthy of himself and of his alma mater. The "Mater Coronata," recited by him last October at New Haven, is a poem dignified and severe almost to the point of bareness. It is unadorned by the minor rhetorical graces, but it is weighty with thought and the burden of the highest ideals of the spirit. Two stanzas occurring midway in the poem may be taken to represent the quality of the whole.

"No oracle betokened the obscure
Grim years encountering which the elders bowed,
Yet know not faintness nor discomfiture,
But set the buttress sure
That should upstay these tabernacles proud;

"These fanes, that bred their patriot to vie
In steadfastness, erect of thought to live,
Or, when the country bade, undauntedly
Without lament to die
Save that he had but one young life to give."

There are twenty-seven of these stanzas in all, logically knit together for the unfolding of their high argument.

Another of the small volumes of verse that are collected every few years by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder has just been published with the title, "Poems and Inscriptions." The poems are mostly occasional, reminiscences of consecrated places, and tributes to great men, such, for example, as the piece inscribed to Beethoven, and suggested by a visit to the house of the composer in Vienna.

"Here unto the bitter end abode
He who from pain wrought noble joy for men,
He who from silence gave the world to song;
For in his mind an awful music rose
As when, in darkness of the under-seas,
Currents tremendous over currents pour.
He heard the soundless tone, its voice he was,
And he of vast humanity the voice,
And his the empire of the human soul."

The "Inscriptions" of this volume were written for the buildings of the Pan-American Exposition, and are conceived in the spirit of a fine literary art. The last of them is "To the statesmen, philosophers, teachers, and preachers, and to all those who, in the new world, have upheld the ideals of liberty and justice, and have been faithful to the things that are eternal."

Among the poets of the younger generation in this country there are not more than three or four whose achievement reaches the level of Mr. George Santayana's work. In his new volume, "A Hermit of Carmel, and Other Poems," he displays his varied gifts — melody and mysticism, passion and philosophy — in ampler measure than hitherto, and wins the respect of all lovers of serious poetry. For the title-poem and its sequel, dramatic in form rather than in treatment, we care less than for the lyrical numbers that follow. Of these, the very first strikes the philosophical note most characteristic of Mr. Santayana's work. The verse is of the brooding sort, with a haunting and melancholy sweetness all its own. The poem is called "Premonition."

"The muffled syllables that Nature speaks
Fill us with deeper longing for her word;
She hides a meaning that the spirit seeks,
She makes a sweeter music than is heard.

"A hidden light illumines all our seeing,
An unknown lore enchants our solitude,
We feel and know that from the depths of being
Exhales an infinite, a perfect good.

"Though the heart wear the garment of its sorrow
And be not happy like a naked star,
Yet from the thought of peace some peace we borrow,
Some rapture from the rapture felt afar.

"Our heartstrings are too coarse for Nature's fingers
To wake her purest melodies upon,
And the harsh tremor that among them lingers
Will into sweeter silence die anon.

"We catch the broken prelude and suggestion
Of things unuttered, needing to be sung;
We know the burden of them, and their question
Lies heavy on the heart, nor finds a tongue.

"Till haply, lightning through the storm of ages,
Our sullen secret flash from sky to sky,
Glowing in some diviner poet's pages
And swelling into rapture from this sigh."

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*Mater Coronata. Recited at the Bicentennial Celebration of Yale University, XXIII. October, MDCCCCI., by Edmund Clarence Stedman, L.H.D., LL.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Poems and Inscriptions. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co.

A Hermit of Carmel, and Other Poems. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lincoln and Other Poems. By Edwin Markham. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Lutes of Morn. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Privately Printed (Alfred Bartlett).

Songs of My Violin. By Alfred L. Donaldson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

God and the Soul. A Poem. By John Lancaster Spalding. New York: The Grafton Press.

The Feast of Thalarchus. A Dramatic Poem. By Condé Benoist Pallen. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

With Lead and Line along Varying Shores. A Book of Poems by Charles Henry Webb (John Paul). Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

At the Sign of the Ginger Jar. Some Verses Gay and Grave. By Ray Clarke Rose. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

In the Realms of Gold. A Book of Verse, 1891–1901. By Lorenzo Sosso. San Francisco: D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard.

Turquoise and Iron. By Lionel Josaphare. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

Marlowe. A Drama in Five Acts. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Heart of the Road, and Other Poems. By Anna Hempstead Branch. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Cathedral, and Other Poems. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sonnets and Songs. By Mary M. Adams. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Verses. By Dorothy King. Boston: Richard G. Badger & Co.

The Destiny, and Other Poems. By Florence Brooks. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

A sheaf of translations comes next after the lyrical section of the volume, and includes examples of Michelangelo, Musset, and Gautier. Greatly daring, but justified of his venture, Mr. Santayana has translated Gautier's marvellous poem, "L'Art." We had thought that the paraphrase of Mr. Dobson's "Ars Victrix" was the best that could be hoped for as a version of this poem in English, but Mr. Santayana has given us a true translation, so nearly perfect that we are lost in admiration of his skill. We must quote the last part of this *tour de force*, wishing that we had space for the whole.

"Show in their triple lobe
Virgin and Child, that hold
Their globe
Cross-crowned and aureoled.

"— All things return to dust
Save beauties fashioned well.
The bust
Outlasts the citadel.

"Oft doth the ploughman's heel,
Breaking an ancient clod,
Reveal
A Cæsar or a god.

"The gods, too, die, alas!
But deathless and more strong
Than brass
Remains the sovereign song.

"Chisel and carve and file,
Till the vague dream imprint
Its smile
On the unyielding flint."

Translation can do nothing better than this, which must always stand as one of the supreme achievements of its kind. Mr. Santayana's section of "Convivial and Occasional Verses" reveals the poet in a new character. His touch is not quite light enough for felicity in this manner, but we have read with a good deal of satisfaction the story of "Young Sammy's First Wild Oats." The theme may be gathered from these remarks of the Deacon to the Doctor —

"Cousin Sammy's gone a-tooting
To the Creole County fair,
Where the very sun's polluting
And there's fever in the air.
He has picked up three young lasses,
Three mulattoes on the mart,
Who have offered him free passes
To their fortune and their heart.
One young woman he respected,
Vowed he only came to woo,
But his word may be neglected
Since he ravished the other two."

These, be it observed, are the antics of *young* Sammy, and there is a world of meaning in what follows:

"Now he looks on outraged faces
And can laugh, defying God:
He can stretch his hand, relieving,
And strike down a cheated slave.
Oh, if Uncle Sam were living,
This would bring him to his grave!"

This excellent fooling serves, as it were, to usher in the noble poem called "Spain in America," which occupies the penultimate place in the volume. It is a philosophical panorama of the historical fortunes of Spain in both the old world and the new, and in it the Spanish blood of the author finds expression in many proud imaginings.

"By sloth and lust and mindlessness and pelf
Spain sank in sadness and dishonour down,
Each in her service serving but himself,
Each in his passion striking at her crown.
Not that these treasons blotted her renown
Emblazoned higher than such hands can reach:
There where she reaped but sorrow she has sown
The balm of sorrow; all she had to teach
She taught the younger world — her faith and heart and speech.

"And now within her sea-girt walls withdrawn
She waits in silence for the healing years,
While where her sun has set another dawn
Comes from the north, with other hopes and fears.
Spain's daughters stand, half ceasing from their tears,
And watch the skies from Cuba to the Horn.
'What is this dove or eagle that appears,'
They seem to cry, 'what herald of what morn
Hovers o'er Andes' peaks in love or guile or scorn?'"

A characterization of Abraham Lincoln opens the new volume of poems by Mr. Edwin Markham. It yields such fine verses as these:

"The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things —
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky."

The ring of these lines is rather rhetorical than poetical, and this we find true of most of Mr. Markham's work. He is so moved by social passion, and so eager to proclaim the gospel of human brotherhood that he confuses the boundary line between the sermon and the song.

"What do we need to keep the nation whole,
To guard the pillars of the State? We need
The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast right — the wisdom of the heart;
Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain,
Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain."

Admirable doctrine, no doubt, but not exactly poetry. When preaching becomes prophecy, we get much the same thing.

"Be constellated, star by circling star;
Give to all mortals justice and forgive:
License must die that liberty may live.
Let Love shine through the fabric of the State —
Love deathless, Love whose other name is Fate.
Fear not, we cannot fail —
The Vision will prevail,
Truth is the Oath of God, and, sure and fast,
Through Death and Hell holds onward to the last."

In two of these poems, "The Angelus" and "The Sower," Mr. Markham turns to the inspiration that gave him the best-known of his pieces. This is from "The Sower":

"Not his the lurching of an aimless clod,
For with the august gesture of a god —
A gesture that is question and command —
He hurls the bread of nations from his hand;
And in the passion of the gesture flings
His fierce resentment in the face of kings."

We much doubt if the sower does anything of this sort. But the poetry of his act was once expressed by Victor Hugo in lines of which Mr. Markham gives us only a faint echo.

"Pendant que, déployant ses voiles,
L'ombre, où se mêle une rumeur,
Semble élargir jusqu'aux étoiles
Le geste auguste du semeur."

We are impelled to a closing comment by Mr. Markham's line —

"The shy arbutus glimmers in the wood."

We do not wish to be hypercritical, but a poet is bound to look to his accents, and the word "arbutus" has been greatly abused. Mr. Herbert Spencer speaks scornfully of the man who is not ashamed to be ignorant of the Eustachian tubes, but who would blush if caught saying "Iphigénia." Now for such a man we should feel sympathy rather than scorn. One can be well-educated without knowing anything of the Eustachian tubes, but ignorance concerning the pronunciation of "Iphigénia" betokens a vital defect of culture.

Mr. Clinton Scollard is a poet who needs no introduction; his eight volumes of verse have already secured for him a high place among our writers of taste and refinement. A ninth volume is "The Lutes of Morn," beautifully printed in a private and limited edition.

"Hold them, I pray you, not in utter scorn,
These broken echoes of the Lutes of Morn!"

he adjures his readers, with greater modesty than is needful. The volume contains ballads, lyrics, and sonnets, all upon Oriental themes, marked by rich coloring and graceful diction.

"Orchards stretch their bloomy span
Round the walls of Hamadan;
Purples deepen on the grape;
Lyric brooks make blithe escape;
Yet are all the glories gone
That the lord of Macedon
Saw, ere drew the orgy on,
And the Bacchic revel ran
Round the walls of Hamadan."

This is the kind of verse that Mr. Aldrich used to give us, with more, perhaps, of fancy, but less of actuality, in the days when he was still a man of letters. We must quote in full Mr. Scollard's verses, "By the Waters of Galilee."

"The wind is low in the oleanders,
Softly stirring the rosy sea;
Out from the hill a rill meanders
Down to the waters of Galilee.

"A burning blazon of blue enamels
The rainless heaven that arches o'er;
And Druses drowse by their crouching camels,
Where meadows dip to the shingly shore.

"Crumbling walls that the hyssop clings to,
Such is Magdala's glory now;
And the only ear that the cuckoo sings to
Is that of the mate on the carol bough.

"The columned city that Herod fashioned,
That glistened white in the noonday blaze,
Naught is left of its past impassioned
Save ghosts that wander its squalid ways.

"Never a sail nor a galley oaring
The shimmering reaches of liquid calm;
Only a watchful vulture soaring
Over the crest of a lonely palm.

"But still the mountains, violet, vernal,
And the brooding vales where the shepherds be,
And the sun, in its equipoise eternal,
Looking down upon Galilee.

"And ever, to halo the desert places,
By the spell of the girdling silence bound,
The haunting thought of the face of faces,
Of Him through whom this is holy ground."

From the lute to the violin is a natural transition, and so we come next to Mr. Alfred L. Donaldson's volume. These "Songs of My Violin" are introduced by a "Prelude" that takes our thought back to the old instruments and their makers.

"For, as the sea-shells found along the shore
Retain the echoes of the ocean's roar
And murmur with the music of the spheres —
So are old violins inlaid with song
Distilled of memories that throb and throng
Athwart their dream-life of a thousand years."

To each string of the violin the writer's fancy has assigned a characteristic color, G being silver, D red, A white, and E gold. Then the spirit of each string announces its own character, and at once breaks into song. Thus the E string, heralded very properly by an excerpt from the "Rheingold," inspires the following verses:

"From a golden isle, in the sunset sea,
I bring a golden gift for thee.
In the wondrous island a fairy dwells,
Where earthly sighs are asphodels.
At a spinning-wheel, spinning all day long,
She weaves the sunshine into song.
And she spins it straight into magic strings
For harps through which the zephyr sings
When it sighs through heaven the hour of rest —
The mild-voiced curfew of the West.
One of these she sends as a gift for thee;
A golden, sunbeam-woven 'E'!"

A few "Stray Songs and Sonnets," upon musical and other themes, complete the contents of this collection. We are a little startled by the symbolism of

"Begotten 'neath the sign of three glad sharps,
From its blue cradle in the Key of A,
The firstling chord is weaned and launched in air,"

but the author assures us that his arbitrary assumptions have no serious philosophy underlying them.

The Bishop of Peoria has a deserved reputation as a writer of graceful and scholarly essays, upholding the highest ideals of thought and conduct; but as a poet he is less widely known. His volume entitled "God and the Soul" is a sonnet-sequence of the spiritual life, divided into four books, each of which is prefaced by three or four lyrical preludes. A characteristic sonnet, fairly representative of its nearly two hundred fellows, is the one called "Transformation."

"When through long years we watch the setting sun,
As day by day he passes from our sight,
Leaving repose and blessings of the night,
Sweet as the rest that comes when work is done,
Peaceful as heart of meditative nun,
Our souls are dyed in the soft, sober light,
Until they glow like Alpine mountain height
Bathed in rich hues, when night all else has won.

"So they, whose thought to God is ever near,
Grow like Him, luminous, pure, and serene,
They live in worlds where all is calm and clear
As cloudless skies and windless streams between.
They walk the solemn shores of time, and hear
The waves break on eternal shores unseen."

This elevation of soul is maintained — no mean achievement—throughout the entire series of Bishop Spalding's sonnets. They are open to the complaint of diffuseness, of uneven execution, and of a too facile diction, but their spirituality is unfailing, and they must take a high place in the class of religious and meditative verse to which they belong. They seem to us quite as good, for example, as the poems of "The Christian Year."

"The Feast of Thalarchus," by Mr. Condé Benoist Pallen, is a dramatic poem of the early days of Christianity. Thalarchus, feasting with his sensual crew at Antioch, is vouchsafed a vision of Simeon upon his pillar, beset by the demons who strive to possess the soul of the saint. The spectacle moves Thalarchus to the depths of his soul, and, as one in a trance, he beseeches Simeon to pray for him, the companions of his orgy meanwhile regarding him with mingled wonder and amusement. The devotion of Simeon avails both to repulse the demons and to reclaim the soul of Thalarchus, who, awakening from his stupor, proclaims his conversion. There are both poor and good verses in this poem. For the former we may take the lines:

"Daintiest meats unknown
In this our Antioch before, to spur
The jaded appetites of ancient revellers;
Succulent dishes dressed by so rare art
That sated gluttons shall hunger at the sight;
Such subtle witcheries for eye and ear
That they shall swoon with giddy surfeit; Beauty
So prodigal of all her charms that Venus'
Self would stale upon the general eye."

As an offset to this specimen of slovenly workmanship, we will select a passage from Simeon's song of praise.

"And so the whole round world
And the respondent heavens, O Lord, utter
Thy glory and make manifest thy praise!
For thine the gentle silence of the night,
And thine the softness of the balmy air,
And thine the sweet refreshment of repose
And strength renewed in man and beast and fowl;
And thine the glory of the golden moon,
And all the splendour of the rising sun
Shedding the benediction of its light
Upon the waking world."

By way of contrast to the unrelieved seriousness of the two volumes just noticed, we now take up two volumes of verse in lighter vein. Mr. Charles Henry Webb's "With Lead and Line along Varying Shores" is a worthy successor to his "Vagrom Verse" of a dozen years ago. It is a warm-hearted book of wit and tenderness, of unpretentious effort and genuine feeling. Here is a specimen fragment:

"Of all the ages ever known,
Of Brass or Bronze, of Brick or Stone,
The blackest and the worst, I think,
Is this pestiferous Age of Ink.
In volume vast the torrent pours,
Its volumes blocking all outdoors;
And fed and fattened as it flows
With verses scanned and potted prose,
Though all would dam it, — and some do, —
The Deluge still is *après nous*."

Most of these pieces are personal or occasional, and their felicitous lightness of touch may be well illustrated by the closing stanzas of the tribute paid to Mr. Stedman a year ago, when the veteran poet was the guest of honor at the Authors' Club.

"Yet if one have a catboat, dear,
Instead of a balloon,
Without some friendly slant of wind
One cannot make the moon.
So, while all other brows and ears
With laurel thou dost twine,
Although they be less prominent,
Oh, please remember mine.

"And I will drink, when I get where
There 's something fit to drink,
Instead of stuff as thin as though
Each author brought his ink —
A cup to him who from his heart
Pours Poesy's choicest wine,
And as a critic never wrote
Or thought — one unkind line."

Our second volume of fanciful and sentimental verse is Mr. Ray Clarke Rose's "At the Sign of the Ginger Jar" — a title that will be familiar to readers of a certain Chicago newspaper, in whose columns many of these pieces first saw the light. Their merit is much above the average of newspaper poetry, and the approved masters of *vers de société* might have been glad to sign them. A pretty trifle is "Dolly in the Rain."

"When Dolly tiptoed in the rain
The shameless sun peeped out to see —
Well, certain charming things were plain
When Dolly tiptoed in the rain!
I peeped out too, but with disdain
The saucy maiden glanced at me.
When Dolly tiptoed in the rain
The shameless sun peeped out to see."

No less dainty, but a shade more serious, are the two quatrains called "Star Tracks."

"Alone in bed at night I lie
And watch the stars that dot the sky;
They are so yellow and so bright
I call them daisies of the night.

"When day returns I step abroad
To view the wondrous works of God,
And yellow daisies, as I pass,
Shine out like stars upon the grass."

Mr. Rose has produced a very charming volume, delicate in sentiment, and graceful in expression. Fifty other examples might be quoted that are quite as good as the two we have chosen.

The far West now claims our attention with two volumes of verse, and we are recalled to more serious moods. "In the Realms of Gold," by Mr. Lorenzo Sosso, is a very serious book indeed, and its themes are of the highest — God and the human soul. There is nothing very striking in the volume; its contents are of a kind that a hundred minor poets are putting forth every year. A favorable example is this pleasing but not distinguished tribute to "The Morning Star."

"I thrill with joy to view afar
The pale resplendent morning star:
Radiant within the pearl-gray skies
Before the burning sun arise,
As each wan flower is glistening,
As early birds begin to sing,
It seems some vestal pure and fair
Within God's vast cathedral there.

"It is the star in all the host
Of stars that I still love the most;
The star of hope, the star of love,
Who in those regions pure above,
Seems in its passionless repose
Like to a white and virgin rose
Placed by a seraph on that shrine
Whose holy incense blends with mine."

Our other Californian is Mr. Lionel Josaphare, and his book has the strange name, "Turquoise and Iron." The explanation quickly follows, and this is its fashion:

"The innocently azure skies allure,
Like turquoise hopes above an iron world.
In happy passion or in mood obscure,
The innocently azure skies allure,
But, oh! when toiling toward a vision pure,
The beaten body to the earth is hurled,
The innocently azure skies allure,
Like turquoise hopes above an iron world."

The principal poem in this volume is called "The Winged Heart." In the second stanza, this heart is addressed as a "bleeding ace." A later stanza is the following:

"Still the living, living soul
Pines within its human hole.
And, without the boldened knife,
Sits that hideous, tortured thing, that tortured cripple, human life.
'T is a serpent's fangy jole,
And the foldings of its tail still in the cursed future roll.
And here seek I to explain
Why my haunted crisscross brain
In this manor should be dwelling while my heart flies in the rain."

This poet should give his "crisscross brain" a rest. His unregulated imaginings are much too ambitious. Why, we wonder, do these California poets put their portraits in their volumes.

Some months ago, we found Christopher Marlowe in a historical romance, and now he is presented to us in a five-act tragedy, the work of Miss Josephine Preston Peabody. It is a daring thing to follow in the footsteps of Horne, whose "Marlowe" is known to all lovers of English poetry, a daring thing to embody the soul of

"Our morning star, sole risen before the sun,"

in any form of imaginative composition. But Miss Peabody has been venturesome before this, for in her "Fortune and Men's Eyes" she set speech upon the lips of Shakespeare. In this tragedy of "Marlowe," we have the figure of the fiery-hearted poet, glowing with the passion for perfection which made him solitary even when surrounded by his boon companions. Greene, Peele, Lodge, and Nash all appear, and Richard Bame, of evil memory. The play begins with the success of "Faustus," and ends with Marlowe's death in the tavern at Deptford. He engages in the brawl with Francis Archer, but is made to die by his own hand, his indignant spirit gladly escaping from a world in which the fairest-seeming things are the most deceitful, in which hypocrisy and insincerity are the passports to success. The scene in the third act with Her Ladyship, the woman of rank in whose love he had once believed, offers the fine passage which we here reproduce.

"O Helena,
How cheaply at the last you sell your God!
Thirty pieces of silver, I had sworn
Would be too little. Ah, but not for you.
Not even with a kiss, but with a lie,
You shew me how you rate Him, — all of you!
I waited for the reason. There had been
A chance to make you glorious with some truth, —
And me to blink at unaccustomed gold:
A brave '*I love you not, — I wish you gone!*' —
Such valor of the devil as he respects!
But this poor coinage of an outcast metal,
Stamped with God's image! Ha, deny Him, I?
What have I seen of Him that I should know
Where He is or is not? I have searched the mire,
And found Him not, indeed; and for such temples
As Holy Writ would have it that He dwells in,
Look you, how cold and empty! — Cold, not pure.
No flame of heaven or hell, — no fire at all.
Deny Him, I? And thou, dost thou affirm? —
Living denial! — Gentle blasphemy!
Will you begone? Nay, hear my parting word.
Unmask you, Helen. — Truly you must go
The way of dreams. Will you believe you live?
No, no, I think not, no indeed, not you!
The fire burns out and leaves the ashes there,
The cock crows and the spirits must begone.
I took you for a Woman, thing of dust, —
I — I who showed you first what you might be!
But see now, you were hollow all the time,
A piece of magic. Now the air blows in,
And you are gone in ashes. Well, begone!
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! — Nay, go."

This heartless woman whose falsity makes of all life a hideous mockery to the poet is effectively contrasted with the gentle Kentish maiden whose pure memory saves for him some remnant of his faith in mankind. She is an exquisite figure, limned with delicate art. We have read Miss Peabody's play — every word of it — with genuine pleasure. The poetry and character of the historical Marlowe have always seemed to us to provide a sort of touchstone of taste and judgment; who loves the one and understands the other cannot go very far astray either in poetical appreciation or in human sympathy.

"The Heart of the Road, and Other Poems," by Miss Anna Hempstead Branch, is a volume of serious lyrics, touched by mysticism, and expressive of an abstract mode of thought. They seem to derive in some measure from Rossetti, although the

inspiration is not always as evident as in "The Watch-Tower of the Soul," for example.

"I will be silent in my soul
Since God has girt me round
With His own silences in which
There is no space for sound.
Only His voice perchance may drop
Like dew upon the ground.

"I will be silent and will lean
Myself into all space.
Love, didst thou think in all this life
That thou couldst touch my face?
Nay, for God bade that I should turn
Unto Himself for grace."

This archaic mannerism and affectation of *naïveté* has to be very well done indeed to be convincing. Miss Branch's verses become a little monotonous, but they have a good deal of the poetic spirit and much subtlety of rhythmical effect.

Miss Dickinson's new volume opens with "The Cathedral," a poem in sections, providing a sort of poetic inventory of a cathedral, from the chimes to the cloister close. "The High Altar," for example, is thus celebrated:

"A throne with King invisible, that stands
For deathless dynasties not made with hands,
Founded on certainty of things unseen,
Whose law is perfect and whose fear is clean.
Whose sovereign majesty doth condescend
Unto the lowliest of them who bend
Far down beneath upon the humblest stair,
Submissive subjects of the altar's care."

Miss Dickinson's poems are nearly all inspired by a rather vague religious sentiment, and their expression is too strained to be effective. Her interpretation of natural beauty seems to us finer than her religious philosophizing. The really beautiful "Vale!" may be given as an illustration of her work at its best.

"Now let the frosty sentence pass!
For I have garnered astors in my soul,
To blur with sentiment the stolid year,
Beyond the largess of their purple dole.
And I have wrung the life-blood from the hours,
Forgot old pain amid the russet wold,
Steeped love in azure and immensity,
And burned regret in scarlet and in gold.
Ventured the circle of the hazel witch,
And claimed of gusty winds rough brotherhood—
And buried in my heart a rain-wet path
That led to sunset lurid through a wood.
Amid gray embers one hot hope is let—
A torch unto a royal memory,
And through the benison of dying leaves
Blows my consent unto the chill decree.
Now is all prophecy fulfilled!
Thy rustling footfall, Autumn, bear thee soon
Within the dim, unmeasured hills of Time
Led by the waning of the hunter's moon!"

The "Sonnets and Songs" of Mrs. Charles Kendall Adams make up a volume of verse that marks a distinct advance upon the author's earlier "Choir Invisible." The new poems are richer in content and more flexible in style than the old ones were. Since the sonnet is the form chiefly favored by Mrs. Adams, we select a sonnet for our illustration, one equally fine in thought and in expression. It is called "Cuba to the United States."

"Is thine the land that bore the honored name
Of Washington?—the land where Lincoln died?
Counting the cause of freedom sanctified
So long as earth shall glorify their fame?
Look to it that thou smother not the flame
They kindled, lest it be in time denied,
And all their lofty leading thus defied,
The womb that bore them know a bastard's shame!

"I stand with outstretched arms and bleeding heart,
As in the name of 'Liberty' I plead;
Arise! and fear alone the envenomed dart
That searcheth, worse than death, ignoble deed;
Yea, read on tombs of those who died for Right,
No bloodless sword did yet a tyrant smite."

Something like half a hundred of these sonnets make up a sort of cycle upon Shakespearian themes and characters, and are characterized by insight and sympathetic feeling alike.

Miss Dorothy King's "Verses" are very simple things indeed, and make up a modest sheaf of about twoscore pages. "First Notes of Spring" is a pretty bit of song.

"Little brown buds on the lilac-bushes,
Curling leaves where the tulips wake,
Glimpses of green from sleeping jonquils,
Chirpings sweet which the sparrows make.

"Tinkling sounds where the brooks are playing,
Brilliant moss where the gray stones lie,
Golden gleams from a happy crocus
Greeting the Spring with ecstacy.

"Soothing breath of the warm winds blowing,
Twitt'ring music the robins sing,
Then, with its thrill of perfect beauty,
Comes the flash of a blue-bird's wing."

Last on our present list comes "The Destiny, and Other Poems," by Miss Florence Brooks. The title-poem is a set of lyrics loosely strung together, in which we have vainly sought for a unifying principle. The best of the lyrics is this:

"The body is not, love, save for the soul;
Dumb is the flesh and dead.
Thy essence is elusive as the scroll
Woven and formed and fled
When the blue waves of forest smoke unroll
Their tendrils overhead.

"I have grown sacred, love, because of you,
Because of these blest hours;
And wine is as my mouth, and honey-dew
My tears, and many flowers
My flesh, and all my veins the heaven's blue,—
The chrism of love is ours."

Aside from the difficulty of picturing a wave with tendrils, these stanzas are not bad. An "Ode to the Mountains" is one of the more ambitious pieces in this collection, and we quote the opening stanzas:

"The dreaming mountains lie athwart the plain
In plentitude of pride and distant calm;
Their grandeur is a psalm
Of vaster harmonies than human tongue
Creates to voice its pain—
A lovely anthem from their inmost caverns sprung.

"Yet far within that lofty wooded height
Are sweet and sacred haunts my soul may see,
Unknown, forever free
From profanation of the blinded crowd
That struggles in the night
Below the towering summit's earthward drooping cloud."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

Briefs on New Books.

A traveller in Western wilds thirty years ago.

A man who, thirty years ago, was able, in addition to other journeyings, to traverse the United States from north to south along the line of La Salle's travels in the seventeenth century, and again from east to west along the line of De Soto's and Cabeza de Vaca's wanderings in the previous century, must have a story to tell. Such a story Mr. Paul Fountain has attempted in "The Great Deserts and Forests of North America" (Longmans). As a tale of adventure, the work might have been greatly improved by giving it somewhat more of human interest and paying more regard to personal episodes which must have been of a thrilling nature. As a book of travel, it could have been made more informing if the writer had taken the trouble to identify his routes upon some map of modern date, and thus have adopted a more acurate geographical nomenclature; and also if his recorded impressions of men — white, black, and red — had been more generally correct. But the book is evidently not intended to serve either as a tale of adventure or a book of travel. The writer's chief incentive in making these extensive journeys far away from the haunts of men was an intense love for natural history. While not technically a naturalist, — a fact which he frequently deplores,— he yet made copious notes of his close observations of natural phenomena; and these would be of great value at the present time, when such a widespread popular interest is taken in the various branches of natural history, were it not that they must be used with great caution. For there are abundant opportunities for errors to creep into a transcription of notes made more than a quarter of a century since, however accurate those notes may have been in the first instance. The author has had frequent occasion to correct himself by means of footnotes and appendices, and the reader will discover many instances where errors have escaped his attention. The value of the notes, even when correct, might have been enhanced had the book been furnished with an index. Mr. Fountain is an Englishman, and has written for English readers; and his book is, unfortunately, likely to perpetuate erroneous ideas regarding America and the Americans already too widely held among English stay-at-homes.

Memories of an eminent musician.

Dr. William Mason, of New York, has the distinction of being the dean of the musical profession in America. For over fifty years he has been closely associated with musical affairs in this country and abroad; and in his "Memories of a Musical Life" (Century Co.) he writes frankly, yet from a professional standpoint, of the development of music during the second half of the nineteenth century. Dr. Mason was born in Boston on January 24, 1829, the son of Lowell Mason — widely known as the composer of hymn tunes and sacred melodies, and the man through whose efforts music was introduced into the public schools of Boston. He displayed his fondness for music at an early age, and was sent abroad to obtain a musical education, intending to study under Moscheles, Hauptmann, and Richter. Through the misunderstanding of a letter, he did not begin his instruction with Liszt until four years later; he gives a very careful account of his first lesson with the great composer, and explains the characteristics of Liszt's method. In his chapter on "Music in America To-day," he says: "Enormous progress in the art and science of music has been made in America since I began my studies in Germany in 1849. . . . The time has gone by when it was necessary for students of the piano to go abroad to complete a musical education. There are now teachers of the piano of the first rank in all our principal cities, who secure better results with American pupils than foreign teachers do, because they have a better understanding of our national character and temperament." Though the few original musical exercises included in the book appear at a casual glance to be simple, they are the result of long and laborious study. In fact, throughout the work the strong musical bent of the author's mind is very marked. It is not alone the nice points, the *apices juris* of interpretation and construction, that he cares about or closely examines; it is rather the broad general principles which lie, or ought to lie, at the basis of all interpretation. Dr. Mason has numbered among his friends a long line of celebrities, and he writes about many of the great musicians in a reminiscent manner, though there is a plentiful intersprinkling of criticism which serves to illuminate the record and give it proportion. The illustrations, which are "tipped in" on different paper from the text and printed frequently in the faded color of the original manuscript, are remarkably interesting; they include many reproductions of autographs from the author's musical album, including manuscript music written by Wagner, Joachim, Berlioz, Rubinstein, Greig, Schumann, and others. On the whole, the make-up of the book is in harmony with its interesting contents.

Popular essays on the English language.

Prof. Brander Matthews has chosen an apt title for his recent volume of essays upon the English language (Scribner). "Parts of Speech" — the phrase is suggestive of endless exercises in parsing and "diagramming," of all the dull abstractions of the old-time grammar lesson. With this connotation in mind the reader is prepared fully to appreciate the leaven in the new idea of the parts of speech: the conception which interprets the phrase literally, and which Mr. Matthews is doing much to popularize. As he himself states it in his prefatory note, his purpose in almost all these essays is to show "that the English language belongs to the peoples who speak it — that it is their own precious possession, to deal with at their pleasure and at

their peril." This thesis — that "a language grows and is not made," that the many speakers, and not the few writers, of English, are the court of last resort, not to be moved by the over-academic scruples of "pedagogues and pedants," — he discusses in many of its implications. He shows how slang phrases and new words lose their plebeian associations when one realizes that the language is a living organism whose rehabilitation by means of these very despised neologisms is necessary to its literary power and vigor. Then, if the language is a race product, the character of "the stock that speaks it" becomes a vital matter, and its future in England and the United States a legitimate and interesting field for speculation. The consideration of the linguistic ideals of the English race, whose basal motive seems to have been a desire for effective simplicity, leads to discussions, first of the logical method of naturalizing foreign words, and then of the consideration due to the spelling reform movement. The ground covered in these essays, however familiar to the linguistic expert, will be new and inviting to many readers. Particularly will teachers of secondary English who have made no systematic study of historical English grammar find this popular exposition of the principles underlying the science of language of the greatest interest and value.

The life and work of Wagner.

In "Richard Wagner: His Life and His Dramas" (Putnam) Mr. W. J. Henderson has sought "to supply Wagner lovers with a single work which shall meet all their needs." A glance at the literature of the subject already accessible in English will serve to place Mr. Henderson's book among its possible competitors. First of all, we had the translation of Nohl's compact biography. Then came Mr. Finck's elaborate two-volume work. More recently, we have had the rather slight performance of Mr. Lidgey, and an English translation of M. Lavignac's exhaustive treatise. Of other books about Wagner, dealing with parts of his work or aspects of his genius, there have been many, but those above mentioned are, as far as we can remember, the only ones that in any way dispute the field with Mr. Henderson. The two brief accounts may be dismissed because they are brief; Mr. Finck's work is mainly biographical and critical, not supplying such analyses as are given by Mr. Henderson; M. Lavignac's work alone has a purpose and a plan closely similar to those of the work now under consideration. We should find it difficult to advise the lover of Wagner, restricted to a single book, between these two; we should rather cut the Gordian knot by telling him to procure them both. Mr. Henderson's work is a treatise of five hundred pages, painstaking and scholarly in execution, and more temperate in its judgments than are the books of most Wagnerian enthusiasts. Rather less than half of the contents are given up to biography and artistic characterization. The other and larger half provides an analytical account of the series of the music-dramas, from "Rienzi" to "Parsifal," with the sources of their plots, the architectonics of their dramatic structure, and the significance of their musical themes. The illustrations of the volume are a portrait of the composer and a large number of illustrative passages in musical notation. The work is highly satisfactory in all respects, and, while we cannot say that it supersedes its predecessors, it certainly supplements them in a way that fully justifies its existence.

An elementary work on the French Revolution.

Surely no one can feel, in presenting a fresh popular work bearing upon the French Revolution, that he is filling a long-felt want. There must needs be much fresh material, or much novelty in treatment, to warrant such a production at this time; and yet we find neither the one nor the other in the elementary sketch entitled "The Last Days of the French Monarchy" (Macmillan), by Miss Sophia H. MacLehose. To quote from the preface, the work is intended "to enable the reader to approach the more important histories with interest and intelligence." The book's sole title to distinction, in competition with the many similar works upon the market, is its wealth of illustration. The reproductions of old cuts and paintings are both interesting and well done, and together with excellent typography and presswork serve to make a very pretty book. Probably the author would assert also that a service had been rendered in the multitude of footnotes cited as references to the body of the text. In reality, profuse use of footnotes is necessary and excusable only in a technical monographic work on a new or controverted topic, as in a voluminous exhaustive production; in either of which cases, the citations serve as the proof of statements made or arguments advanced. The lack of any distinctive feature in style, treatment, or contents precludes any critical review. In short, the book presents the facts ordinarily stated, in the manner customary with a score of other works of like scope. It closes with 1788 and is preliminary to the Revolution itself, which is to be considered in a succeeding volume.

An English poet's view of Walt Whitman.

Mr. Edmond Holmes, the author of a subtle essay on poetry, and of a volume of poems as well, has written an elaborate essay on "Walt Whitman's Poetry" (Lane), and accompanied it with about fifty pages of selections from the "Leaves of Grass." Mr. Holmes is of those who admire Whitman judiciously, with discrimination between the finer and the baser aspects of his expression, finding much dross in the melting-pot into which the poet cast the product of his imagination, but finding also the pure metal underneath. The substance of the writer's criticism is found in the following passage:

"Sometimes we find ourselves in the middle of plain, inoffensive prose without quite knowing how we got there.

Sometimes there is a sudden descent from lofty heights to ignominious depths. Sometimes a momentary plunge into the commonplace or the grotesque mars the movement of an otherwise beautiful passage. But through all its ups and downs the form of Whitman's poetry suits itself admirably to the matter, or rather to the spirit. The want of harmony and rhythm is quite as much inward as outward. A chaotic philosophy — a philosophy which does its best to give back to the 'void and formless Infinite all that Time has won from it' — is fitly mirrored in a formless outward form."

Throughout the essay, Whitman's artistic dualism is brought into prominence — "consciously and theoretically, he is the poet of democratic equality, — and therefore of chaos; unconsciously, and in spite of himself, he is the poet of the ideal." The writer believes that "the poet, pure and simple, will be remembered and honoured when the socio-political prophet has been forgotten, or, if remembered, has fallen into disesteem." In making his selections, which occupy less space than the essay itself, Mr. Holmes has sought to give us only the best of Whitman. More than half of his pages are occupied with the three great pieces: "When lilacs last," "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking," and the "Passage to India."

Maurice Hewlett's "New Canterbury Tales."

Nothing but praise awaits the "New Canterbury Tales" (Macmillan) of Mr. Maurice Hewlett. Alone among the writers of the day, perhaps, is he competent to add to the work of Chaucer without doing violence to the literary convention of that early time. In plan and treatment he has followed his original closely, assembling his party together under the leadership of the Prioress of Ambresbury in the royal city of Winchester on Mayday in the year of grace 1450, on their way to do pious duty at the shrine of St. Thomas á Becket at Canterbury. They were only five days on their journey, in which time six tales are told by the miscellaneous company under the headship of the noble Prioress, after a delightful prologue has introduced a little romance of its own by way of providing the necessary links between the several stories. The Scrivener of the party tells of "The Countess Alys," that good woman for whom the Order of the Garter was founded; Captain Salomon Brazenhead, veteran of Italian wars, discloses the tragic history of "The Half-Brothers," drawn from the annals of Venice and Milan; the Prioress herself takes the pathetic legend of "St. Gervase of Plessy" from some "Lives of the Saints" unknown to others; Master Richard Smith, a shipman of Hull, discourses upon "The Cast of the Apple," an episode on the Welsh border; and young Percival Perceforest recounts a merry little comedy of errors, styled "Eugenio and Galeotto," with its scene alternating between Venice and Mantua. All these are in prose, like Chaucer's "Parson's Tale" and "The Tale of Melibœus"; and all most successfully avoid the introduction of modern thought and feeling, though not modern phrasing. Nothing in recent years gives more promise of literary permanence than Mr. Hewlett's latest book.

Leaders of finance and industry.

In tune with the times is Mr. James Burnley's "Millionaires and Kings of Enterprise" (Lippincott), with its fifty or more brisk sketches of leading American financiers and captains of commerce. The English authorship of the book lends it an added interest to us, and it must be admitted that full justice has been done to the American spirit of alertness, energy, and progress. Compiled under the auspices of the Messrs. Harmsworth, the volume bears witness to its journalistic origin in the pith and point that characterize its chapters. All that the curious need to know about Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie, and half a hundred other "kings of enterprise" now prominent in the public eye, is agreeably set forth in pages fairly bristling with figures, usually running up into the millions, preceded by the pound-sterling sign. In tastefulness of binding, in wealth of full-page portraiture and other illustration, and in excellence of paper and print, this cyclopædia of contemporary plutocracy almost rises to the dignity of literature. Even the most unworldly will be tempted to linger over its wonderful tales of material achievements.

Essays by the late Dr. Everett of Harvard.

The late Dean of the Harvard Divinity School, Dr. C. C. Everett, has been such a power in the world of thought during the present generation, that a posthumous collection of his writings is sure of a cordial reception. The twelve "Essays Theological and Literary" (Houghton) exhibit a well-defined unity, the theological ones being philosophical rather than dogmatic, and the literary ones being devoted to revealing the same spiritual ideas imbedded in the poetry of Emerson, Goethe, Tennyson, and Browning. From the author's point of view, philosophy and poetry are very much akin. He finds in Tennyson and Browning two of the great spiritual forces of our century, presenting together the higher life in its fulness, doing together what no one singer could have accomplished. Emerson is the representative optimist of the age, behind whom the preacher has shrewdly entrenched himself; while no literary work strikes its roots so deep into our modern thought and life as Goethe's "Faust." The keen critical analysis with which these points are developed attest their philosophical as well as literary value.

A book of wild beasts.

Under the title of "Animals" (H. S. Stone & Co.) Mr. Wallace Rice has prepared a popular natural history of mammals, — especially such mammals as have not been domesticated by man. The book aims to give an accurate and succinct survey of the distinguishing characters and habits of those representative wild beasts which are more generally known, and are often seen in menageries and in zoölogical gardens, or preserved in museums. The descriptive matter is well chosen, and affords instructive and entertaining reading. The presentation is

straightforward, and the work is free from doubtful or objectionable matter. It contains much information concerning animals, and might well be used as supplementary reading in elementary instruction in natural history and as a book of reference in school libraries. The volume is illustrated by about fifty colortype plates, most of which, especially those from photographs of the animals themselves, are excellent. The work of the taxidermist is, however, all too evident in a few cases, and several plates reproduced from paintings are mere caricatures standing in strong contrast to the remainder of the illustrations.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. Nigel Oliphant, the author of the "Diary of the Siege of the Peking Legation" (Longmans), is a young Scottish officer who was filling a post in the Chinese Postal Service under Sir Robert Hart when the trouble broke out in 1900. The book is a manly, modest account of the siege as witnessed from the inside of the British Legation. There is little or no attempt at continuous description; and we are won by the simplicity and obvious truth of the young fellow who took his war so gayly, or his golf so seriously, as to be laying out a putting ground in the intervals of the assaults. The Diary is furnished with desirable maps, and is preceded by an appreciative preface from Mr. Andrew Lang's pen.

A "Time Table of Modern History," compiled and arranged by Mr. M. Morison, is published by the Macmillan Co., in the form of a large oblong quarto. The period covered is from 470 to 1870 — just fourteen centuries. It consists, in substance, of parallel tables of events and dates, starting with six columns, and gradually increasing to fourteen or fifteen. At the end of the volume are genealogical tables, lists of reigning monarchs, a general chart of ancient and modern history, an elaborate index, and a set of ten historical maps of Europe. The work is of a kind that has been done before, but not, to our knowledge, upon so generous a scale. It is indispensable as a book of reference for school libraries.

The F. A. Bassette Company, Springfield, Mass., have published for Mr. Guy Kirkham, F.A I.A., a little volume entitled "The Elements of Architecture," taken from the miscellaneous essays of Sir Henry Wotton, Kt. Sir Henry was an amateur architect of the time of Elizabeth, when the amateur architect flourished and each Lord of the Manor was more or less the architect of his own house. The age sent down to us, along with its mass of rare literature, many interesting and beautiful examples of English domestic architecture; and of the former, touching also upon the latter, these essays of Sir Henry Wotton are of no slight interest. The volume, in type and form, is a facsimile reproduction of the original, which is very rare; and our only criticism is that the types, possibly not too clear in the original, suffer in the reproduction. Wotton was a man of attainment, and his personality speaks through his writings. The style is quaint and amiable, and the matter equally quaint and attractive to the lover and collector of rare specimens.

NOTES.

"Lessons in Physical Geography," by Mr. Charles R. Dyer, is a school text just published by the American Book Co.

"The Cloistering of Ursula" is the title of Mr. Clinton Scollard's new romance of mediæval Italy, to be issued at once by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co.

Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," edited by Mr. Robert Kilburn Root, is a new volume of the "English Readings," published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

"King Lear," edited by Mr. W. J. Craig, is the third volume to appear in the "Dowden Shakespeare," now in course of publication by the Bowen-Merrill Co.

"A Brief Survey of the Life and Writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus," by Professor Sidney G. Ashmore, makes a pretty booklet just published by the Grafton Press.

"Wortlehre des Adjektivs im Altsaechsischen," by Dr. Edwin Carl Roedder, is a Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin in its "Philology and Literature Series," of which the first volume is now completed.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce for publication early in the coming Spring a volume on "Word-Coinage" by Mr. Leon Mead. The work is the result of several years' special study of the subject on the part of its author.

Professor Albert H. Tolman's school text of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" is published by the Globe School Book Co. It has many rivals, no doubt, but none that is more attractive to the student, or more scholarly in its execution.

Mr. Henry Frowde has just published for the Oxford Clarendon Press, a new edition of the treatise on "Milton's Prosody" by Mr. Robert Bridges, supplemented by Mr. William Johnson Stone's essay on "Classical Metres in English Verse."

Messrs. Ginn & Company of Boston announce their removal from Tremont Place, where they have been for more than twenty-five years past; and are now occupying new offices at No. 29 Beacon Street, on the site of the historic John Hancock House.

A study of Charles Heavysege, the Canadian poet and dramatist, by Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, has been reprinted in pamphlet form from the "Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada." It may be obtained from Messrs. J. Hope & Son, Ottawa, or from the Copp-Clark Co., Toronto.

The latest publication of the Early English Text Society is an edition, re-edited directly from the manuscripts by Professor George H. McKnight, of the three works "King Horn," "Floriz and Blauncheflur," and "The Assumption of Our Lady." These poems were first edited in 1866 by the Rev. J. Rawson Lumby.

"Little Pilgrimages among the Women Who Have Written Famous Books" (Page), by Messrs. E. F. Harkins and C. H. L. Johnston, is a companion to the similar volume upon men authors which we recently noticed. A score of women are included, all of them American by birth or residence, and portraits are given us of nearly all of them.

Dr. A. H. Peirce's "Studies in Auditory and Visual Space Perception" (Longmans) forms an excellent example of the kind of monograph which modern Psychology makes possible. It deals in a technical way with a special set of problems of interest to experimental psychologists, and both gathers together with critical

skill the results of former research upon the subject and makes distinctly valuable contributions to the topic. It is just this type of work that will gain for experimental psychology the worthy position among the sciences which it already enjoys in part.

"From Homer to Theocritus," by Professor Edward Capps, is a history of the Greek literature of the classical period, just published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Although a revision of an earlier work, the changes made are so considerable that the volume is one-half larger than before, and now includes a useful bibliography and an index.

"The Three Essentials," by Chancellor Henry Mitchell MacCracken, is a baccalaureate sermon given at the New York University. The text of the sermon was provided by a window of stained glass with three panels recently set in the auditorium of the University, and the present pamphlet publication (Putnam) reproduces the design in a series of four plates.

"A Short History of England for School Use," by Miss Katharine Coman and Miss Elizabeth Kendall, has just been published by the Macmillan Co. It is a book for grammar schools, and follows much the same lines as the more advanced text-book prepared by the same authors about two years ago, although, as is natural and proper, more stress is placed upon the personal and pictorial elements of the history.

An interesting experiment in book-publishing is soon to be launched in this country and England by Mr. Howard Wilford Bell. "The Unit Library," as the venture is designated, will consist of an unlimited collection of original publications and selected reprints from every department of the world's intellectual activity, issued under the editorship of Messrs. William Laird Clowes and A. R. Waller. An explanation of the title of the series is to be found in the novel method under which it will be sold. The price of each volume will be regulated by the number of pages it contains, a unit of measure being fixed upon. This unit is 25 pages. The English rate per unit is ½d., or 2d. per 100 pages. The paper cover will cost 1d. in addition to the cost of the total number of units, a cloth binding will be 5d. additional, or leather binding 10d. additional. It is claimed that "The Unit Library" will constitute the cheapest series of books ever issued in America or England.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 80 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

HISTORY.

The Royal Navy: A History, from the Earliest Times to the Present. By Wm. Laird Clowes; assisted by Sir Clements Markham, Captain A. T. Mahan, H. W. Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, and others. Vol. VI. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 4to, gilt top, uncut, pp. 592. Little, Brown, & Co. $6.50 *net.*

The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln: Flight, Pursuit, Capture, and Punishment of the Conspirators. By Osborn H. Oldroyd; with Introduction by T. M. Harris. Illus., 8vo, pp. 305. Washington, D. C.: O. H. Oldroyd. $1.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Memoirs of Major-General William Heath. By Himself. New edition; edited by William Abbatt. To which is added, The Accounts of the Battle of Bunker Hill, by Generals Dearborn, Lee, and Wilkinson. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 410. New York: William Abbatt. $5. *net.*

Ruskin and the English Lakes. By Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 243. Macmillan Co. $2.

Edwin Booth. By Charles Townsend Copeland. With photogravure portrait, 24mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 159. "Beacon Biographies." Small, Maynard & Co. 75 cts. *net.*

Samuel Finley Breese Morse. By John Trowbridge. With photogravure portrait, 24mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 134. "Beacon Biographies." Small, Maynard & Co. 75 cts. *net.*

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The New England Society Orations: Addresses, Sermons, and Poems. Delivered before the New England Society in the City of New York, 1820-1885. Collected and edited by Cephas Brainerd and Eveline Warner Brainerd. In 2 vols., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Published for the Society by The Century Co. $5. *net.*

Milton's Prosody. By Robert Bridges. Together with, Classical Metres in English Verse, by William Johnson Stone. 12mo, uncut, pp. 175. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

King Horn, Floriz and Blaunchefflur, and The Assumption of our Lady. First edited in 1866 by Rev. J. Rawson Lumby, B.D.; now re-edited from the MSS. by George H. McKnight, Ph.D. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 171. "Early English Text Society Series." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Paper.

The Revolt and the Escape. By Villiers de L'Isle Adam; trans. from the French by Theresa Barclay. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 61. "Modern Plays." Charles H. Sergel Co. $1.25 *net.*

The Muses Gardin for Delights, or the 5ift Book of Ayres. Composed by Robert Jones; edited by William Barclay Squire. 8vo, uncut, pp. 39. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

The Labyrinth of the World and the Paradise of the Heart. By John Amos Komensky (Comenius); edited and translated by Count Lützow. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 347. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 *net.*

The Three Essentials: A Baccalaureate Discourse. By Henry Mitchell MacCracken. Illus., large 8vo, uncut, pp. 16. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Paper.

The Perfect Woman. By Charles Sainte-Foi; trans. from the French by Zéphirine N. Brown. 16mo, gilt edges, pp. 195. Marlier & Co. $1. *net.*

Shakespeare in Tale and Verse. By Lois Grosvenor Hufford. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 445. Macmillan Co. $1. *net.*

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The Works of Shakespeare, "Dowden" edition. New vol.: King Lear, edited by W. J. Craig. 8vo, pp. 249. Bowen-Merrill Co. $1.25.

Francesca da Rimini: A Tragedy in Five Acts. By George H. Boker. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 154. Chicago: Dramatic Publishing Co. $1.

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